

## THE MILAN EXCHANGE

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MILAN, TENNESSEE

### MY FLOWER.

All in the early morning hours  
I walked through blooming garden bowers,  
Where purple plinks and pansies grew,  
And roses sparkled in the dew.

They were so lovely in my sight,  
I plucked the red ones and the white,  
And with full hands wandered down  
Until I reached the busy town.

Then round me, like a swarm of bees,  
Came ragged children, crying "Please!  
Oh, please give me a flower!"—And so  
I had to let my treasures go.

I gave them, every one, away;  
But somehow all the long, warm day,  
Those flowers seemed just as sweet and bright  
As if they still were in my sight.

—Mary E. Bradley in St. Nicholas.

### AN AWFUL FIGHT.

#### A Combat Between a Tiger and a Lion.

After an encampment of two weeks at Bangalore, we moved to the north-west for thirty miles, and made a new camp on a creek which emptied into the Cauvery river, twenty miles below us. There had been no shooting done in this neighborhood for many years, for the reason that a fever plague had carried off hundreds of the natives and depopulated many of the villages. Game had had an opportunity to increase, and we had reason to look forward to some exciting sport. A native hunter, living near Seringapatam, and who was with us in charge of the servants, had been told by good authority that lions and tigers had come into the abandoned district until they were as plentiful as hares, and that we should find a hunter's paradise.

We pitched our camp on a cleared spot on the right bank of the creek, which had two feet of water in it and was about ten feet wide. It was a hilly country all about us, with the ground fairly well timbered. Half a mile below us was an abandoned native village, and many acres of ground which had once been tilled were now grown up to bush and weeds. We went into camp about an hour before sundown of a summer's day, and the tents had not yet been pitched when one of the natives routed out and killed a poisonous snake ten feet long, and another declared that he saw a panther moving in the thicket across the creek. We cut down the smaller trees and bushes and built a strong inclosure for the riding horses and pack animals, and then ran a breastwork of brush clear around camp. A lion or tiger could clear it at a bound, but neither beast ever enters an inclosure off hand. He must be pressed by hunger, or desperate with rage. It had just come to be twilight, and we were still working at the north side of the inclosure, when the fact that we had big game at hand was proved in a sorrowful way. A native young man about seventeen years of age, who was one of the brush cutters, was engaged with others about 300 feet from where we were at work. It was the last load to be brought, and he was last of all. He was picking up his load when a tiger sprang upon him from the bushes. Every one of us heard the roar of the beast and the cry of the man, and, indeed, there was the whole scene right before our eyes. The victim, as he was hurled to the earth, fell upon his face. The tiger seemed to turn him over three or four times, and then seized him by the shoulder and started off with him—not into the thicket right at hand, but across 200 feet of perfectly open ground toward the creek.

For a few seconds all of us seemed turned to stone. Then there was a rush for the rifles, which were fortunately near at hand. There were three or four old soldiers and tiger hunters with us, and their presence of mind brought about the death of the beast. Some of us would have hesitated to fire, knowing that our bullets would be as apt to hit the servant as the tiger, but two or three men shouted for every body to blaze away, and five or six reports followed one another in quick succession. These men reasoned that the native was already mortally hurt, and that it would be better for him to die at once by one of our bullets than to be carried off and eaten alive. I have personally known of four or five cases where men have been seized by tigers, and I have talked with hunters who knew of many other cases, and there was only a single instance where the victim escaped the fatality of the spring. When the tiger leaps he also strikes with his forepaw, and the blow is terrific.

The beast and his burden were about half way across the open when they fell in a heap; the tiger was up again in a second, whirled around like a top, and then, with a fierce growl, he seized the native again with his teeth and resumed his progress. We were advancing as we fired, but the tiger did not increase his pace by a

second, and between the reports of the rifles we could hear him growling in a savage manner. Handing my empty rifle to a servant, I drew my revolver and ran full at the animal from an angle, determined that he should not escape. He bore off a little to avoid me as I opened fire. I knew I hit him, for I saw him wince, but he kept straight on to the bank of the creek, and after taking a new hold of his burden he made a spring, landed on the other side and fell into a heap, dead. The servants crossed and brought over both bodies. It was with the native as the tiger hunters had suspected. In leaping upon him the animal had given him a blow which broke his neck. The one cry we heard was all that he uttered. When we came to look his dead body over, we found that four of our bullets had hit it, but he was dead long enough before a shot was fired. In the case of the tiger, he had been hit nine times, and three of the bullets had reached vital spots. One of his forelegs was broken, and he had carried his burden the last thirty feet and made the spring across the creek on three legs.

The next day was ushered in with a drizzling rain, and it was nearly decided not to have any general beat-up for game, but to overhaul arms and trappings and make ready for the next day. Soon after breakfast I took my repeating rifle and navy revolver, slipped some extra cartridges into my pocket, and set out alone to have a look at the deserted village below us.

"I warn you to be careful sir," cautioned a native tiger slayer as I passed the spot on which he was mending a saddle.

"Oh, I have no fear, and the wild beasts will be asleep this morning, anyhow."

"Some may not," he answered, with a dubious shake of the head, and he was looking after me as I entered the brush.

I had forgotten to say that during the night we were greatly disturbed by the noises around us. We kept several large fires going, and while these prevented marauding beasts from coming too near, the glare probably attracted them to the locality. One could distinguish the spit of the panther, the snarl of the tiger, and the voice of the lion; and added to these were the howl of the wolf, the chatter of the hyena, and the yelp of the jackal. Truly, we had struck a rich find. Driven out of the other districts, the beast creation had made their way to this, and the sound of a hunter's rifle had not been heard here for years.

I had not gone a quarter of a mile from camp when a large black snake ran hissing away from my feet, and I heard a wild beast of some sort making its way in the thicket. These were proofs that I could not be overprudent, and thereafter I kept my eyes about me and my rifle ready for instant service. The village was strung along the creek for half a mile, but the first hut I came to was an inclosure that had been used for a council house. The four walls were of adobe, while the roof was thatched. There were really but three walls, one end being left open except a slight return of each side wall. This open space was at least twenty feet across, while there was room enough inside for 400 people to sit or stand. The open end looked back in the direction I had come, and twenty feet away was the beginning of a wall which extended for about 300 feet. It was about four feet high, made of adobe, and I could not make out for what purpose it had been erected. If an enemy had been expected to approach from east or west this wall would have been a good breastwork, although its left flank could have easily been turned.

I stood there for three or four minutes scanning the interior of the building, and then walked to the further end of it. There was a couple of whitened skulls on the ground, and I gave one of them a kick. As I did so an insect or a reptile of some sort issued forth with great swiftness and stung or bit me on the left wrist. Its movements were so rapid that I could not say whether it flew or sprang at me. I simply caught a glimpse or two of a dark, hairy object, and then felt the pain, which was as severe as if I had been touched with a red-hot iron. I carried an antidote for insect and reptile poisoning. Near the great doorway was a block of wood, and I went to it, pulled off my coat, pushed up my sleeve, and examined the wound. There was but one puncture, but it had drawn blood, and the flesh was rapidly reddening. I brought my arm up and sucked away at the wound for two or three minutes, and then applied the antidote and wrapped a bandage about it. I must have drawn the poison out, but nevertheless I soon found myself as weak as a babe, and my head seemed four times too large for my body. Indeed, I was afraid to stand up for fear that my body would not support the head. This feeling began to go away in about fifteen minutes, and I was just congratulating myself on my lucky escape when I turned my eyes to the north, or toward camp.

The sight thrilled me like an electric shock. Close beside the wall, on the left hand side, was a tiger, a rousing big fellow, who had seen fifteen years of life. On the right hand side, and also close to the base of the wall, was a medium sized male lion, and the attitude of both plainly showed that they had been stalking me. It was a still hunt, and I was the victim. The lion had come out of the bush to the right, and the tiger had come out of a thicket to the left and crossed the creek. Neither animal could have seen the other, and thus they were not aware of each other's presence.

Had I remained in the building with my back to the door another moment one of the beasts would undoubtedly have crept close enough to make a spring. When I turned about and sat down on the block of wood the movement upset their calculations and made them timid for the moment. Under certain circumstances any wild beast loses heart. A move which is a surprise and not clearly understood will make curs of them at once, and a second move will put them to ignominious flight. When I got sight of the beasts the lion had half turned, as if to sneak away, while the tiger was crouched against the wall, and appeared shame-faced. Had I risen up and swung my hat and yelled both would have bolted, but I must confess that, taking my pain and the general situation into account, I was badly rattled. I couldn't think just what ought to be done, and therefore did nothing. This, after a moment, encouraged the beasts, and then came such a situation as few men were ever placed in. I had opportunity to see here, a lion and a tiger approaching a victim waiting to be struck down. I have wondered a thousand times what could have come over me to sit there with my gun within reach and my revolver in its holster and make not the slightest move to save my life, while those fierce brutes crept nearer and nearer. I think the poison benumbed and stupefied me to a certain extent. That is, while my brain was never more active and my eye-sight keen, I felt helpless to move, and my mouth was as dry as if I had the fever. I knew my peril as fully as any one could, but when I thought of grasping my rifle and sighting it the exertion required discouraged me.

The lion was the bolder of the two. After making up his mind that I could not harm him, he held his head up, swung his tail about, and advanced at a slow pace. I was under cover, and he might have suspected a trap. But for this he would have probably made a rush. The tiger displayed exactly the same characteristics as a cat creeping upon her prey. He crept, crawled, twisted about, and sought to shelter his body behind the slightest tuft of grass. He did not, however, take his eyes off me for the tenth of a second, and the nearer he came the more his great lips parted to show his yellow teeth. He was as supple as a snake, and nothing could be more graceful than his movements. I could see his tremendous muscles quiver as he moved, and I remember of what power he must have in his legs. It was all of ten minutes before the beasts approached the point where they realized each other's presence. You would have thought, with only a wall separating them, that they must have heard or scented each other. The fact that they did not was probably owing to the excitement under which they labored.

By and by the lion was almost at the end of the wall, and near enough for his spring. He crouched down, switched his tail in a menacing way, and I plainly saw his talons dig into the earth as he gathered his muscles for a great effort. While there was a settled determination on his part to make food of me, there was a certain trepidation of his general demeanor. It was plain that he was mystified, but his ferocious nature prevailed.

The tiger kept abreast of the lion, and he was the first to take the alarm. He evidently scented the lion, for he reared up, snuffed the air, and then flung out a paw and spat like an angry cat. This noise startled the lion, and he rose up, showed his teeth, and took his eyes off me for the first time. Either animal could easily have leaped the wall, but neither attempted it. The tiger took on a fiercer look and dropped some of his stealth, but the lion reached the end of the wall first, uttering a roar of defiance and evidently expecting to meet an enemy. The tiger was four or five feet from the end of the wall, and the move he made was so quick that my eyes could not follow it. As the lion's head showed around the wall the big cat made a lightning spring, and the next instant the two were rolling over and over at my feet, fighting as only such beasts can fight, and growling in a manner to make my hair turn gray. It was then that strength came back to me, and I rose up, but instead of rushing away I ran back into the building. Reaching the rear wall I stood there a prisoner and a spectator. The first clinch lasted about three minutes, and was characterized by such ferocity as I can not describe. While the lion

and the tiger are probably natural enemies, I suppose the fact that both had planned to make meat of me, and both felt themselves disappointed, aroused all their ferocity. Most of the time during the first clinch they were rolling over and over like a big ball, tearing, biting and growling, and the movements of the tiger were much the quickest. They finally separated, each backed off a few feet, and each stood broadside to me. I could see half a dozen blood-stains on the lion's side, while the tiger had been terribly bitten about the neck, and there was a bloody scratch on his quarter. They faced each other for about a minute, the lion roaring in a deep bass and the tiger snarling like an enraged cat. Then, as swift as a flash of lightning, the tiger bounded through space and alighted on the lion's back, and again they rolled and tumbled about. The fight was too fierce to be kept up long, and too determined not to result in severe injuries.

When the beasts finally struggled to their feet, the tiger had hold of the lion just back of the fore-shoulder and he hung there and worried the king as a dog would a sheep. Twice the lion yelped out as if he had lost his courage, but he suddenly made a grand exertion broke the tiger's hold, and then turned and caught him by the neck. I thought all was over with the cat. The lion actually lifted him clear off the ground and shook him, and this time the tiger whined. After a bit, however, he twisted his body around until his hind claws came into play, and then the lion had to let go. There was another rest for a minute or two, and again the tiger was the aggressive party. This time they fought more like dogs, neither seeming able to down the other and they kept working away from the building towards the creek. I advanced as they retreated, and they were still doing their best to destroy each other when they rolled off the bank into the creek. Each was covered with blood from nose to tail, and the injuries inflicted must have been serious. The tumble into the water separated them, and while the tiger reached the opposite bank at one spot, the lion crawled out at another thirty feet away, and both limped into the forest without the slightest desire to renew the fight.—N. Y. Sun.

### GOOD DISINFECTANTS.

How Many Live-Stock Diseases and Ailments May Be Prevented.

Cheaper than cure, especially with live-stock, is prevention. While with many contagious diseases, it is, of course, often impossible to keep animals from being attacked, yet by using good care valuable aid may be given in keeping the stock intact. If kept in a good, thrifty condition, and with reference to good health, there is very much less danger of animals being attacked, and if attacked, they are in a much better condition to withstand the inroads of disease.

Fifth breeds disease, and is indirectly the principal cause of the larger proportion of diseases in our live-stock. And when stock are kept reasonably clean, and are provided with warm, clean, dry quarters, and are fed upon clean food, ordinarily such stock will be healthy. In order to do this to the best advantage, it will be necessary to thoroughly disinfect the poultry house, pig pens, cow and horse stables, and the sheep sheds. All need thorough cleaning, and when difficulty arises, disinfection. Especially should thorough work in this direction be given in the spring. In a great majority of instances the stock have been more or less confined, and as a natural consequence these places have become more or less foul, and in such a case it will almost certainly cause disease or breed parasites, in some respects fully as bad as disease. Where the pens are close enough to admit of thorough work, burning roll sulphur is a good disinfectant; add a little old grease, so that it will burn well. Crude carbolic acid is another good, cheap material that can be used to good advantage. As it is a poison if taken internally, some care must be taken in using. The places should be thoroughly cleaned out and then the carbolic acid, diluted with water, be applied freely. A good brush will, for most purposes, be the best, as it will reach the cracks to the best advantage. Lime applied as a whitewash is very valuable to purify, and also to destroy germs and parasites. Carbolic acid can be added to the lime whitewash after it is made, and it will be all the more valuable. Any of these are cheap, and should be used liberally in the spring, after cleaning up. The work should be done reasonably early, before the warm days come on, and other farm work becomes too pressing.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

—The consumption of gold in the arts of the United States is estimated at about \$3,500,000 per annum, and in the world at \$20,000,000.—Brooklyn Eagle.

—Forty million pounds of maple sugar are made in this country each year.

### LIMEKILN CLUB.

Brother Gardner Punishes a Wretch Found Guilty of Stealing an Umbrella.

Previous to the opening of the meeting Brother Gardner, Sir Isaac Walpole and Waydown Babee were seen in earnest conversation around the president's desk, and when the triangle sounded it was pretty well understood throughout the room that some matter of gravest importance was on the tapis. One individual seemed to feel even more than a lively curiosity. This was Brother Process Davis, a member of about six months' standing. He jammed himself into a corner and tried to appear as small as possible, and when inquiries were made about his sore heel he let on that he had an awful toothache and didn't want to talk. Scarcely had the meeting opened when he was called to appear at the president's desk. The look of terror which came to his face as he rose up proved that he regarded the matter in a very serious light, and he shuffled up the long aisle like one going to an execution.

"Brudder Process Davis," said the president, in very solemn tones, "at one of our weekly meetin's last fall, an' as we war' about to disperse to our homes, Sir Isaac Walpole disklivered dat his umbreller war missin'. It was an umbreller wid a white bone handle, an' it was an heirloom in his fam'ly. His gran'fadder had walked under dat umbreller, an' it had kept de rain off his fadder, an' he himself had owned it fur nigh upon thirty y'ars. It had been left in kyars an' on steamboats an' on de front doah steps, an' nobody had took it. He had brung it down heah two hundred times, an' it war' allus waitin' fur him when he got ready to go home. At las' some one stole it—some human hyena laid his desecrated paws on dat sacred relick an' bore it off. We made every effort to find it, but de hunt was in vain. Den we settled down to wait for Justice. She nebber sleeps. She sometimes does a good deal of foolin' around, an' dar am sometimes a mighty long wait between de akts, but she nebber sleeps. She didn't go to sleep dis time. She war' lookin' fur you, an' yesterday she oberhauld you. You had Sir Isaac's umbreller under yer arm. Heah am de libin' proof to convict you! You are de hyena who stole it, an' you are now befo' de bar of Justice! Prisoner, how do you plead?"

Process stood there with his mouth open and could not reply. The sudden shock seemed to have paralyzed him. His guilt was as plain as the hind buttons on a coat.

"De pusson who will steal an umbreller under any circumstances," continued the president, "deserves condone punishment. In dis case you stole it from a fellow-member of a society, an' you added de sin of lyin' to your crime. Your name will be crossed off our books, an' you will enter dis hall no mo' foreber. De carryin' out de rest of de sentence am left to Giveadam Jones an' Hercules Johnson."

The prisoner was removed to the ante-room, and about a minute later Paradise Hall was shaken from roof to cellar. This was followed by a bumping sound on the stairs leading to the alley, and this again by the sound of feet making a rush for life. Brother Process Davis will doubtless remain in Canada during the rest of his life.—Detroit Free Press.

### HIGH-LIFE NUPTIALS.

A Pretty Editorial Send-Off Condensed from the Muddy Forks Bugle.

Bill Shanks and Lib Ripper waltzed into the office of our genial justice of the peace yesterday, and were made one man in about three shakes of a dead sheep's tail. Lib and Bill are leading society people here, and they have seads of friends who join us in wishing that their married life may be all love and molasses. Bill is a royal good boy, and them that knows Lib knows that they ain't no discount on her. She is the most accomplished young lady in Muddy Forks, and one that any man could be proud of. She killed two bears with a club, one day last spring, and can slap over three acres of prairie-sod with a yoke of oxen any day. She can split more rails in a day than any other young lady in these parts, and there ain't many men that beat her on cord-wood. Lib is a dandy when it comes to fancy work of this kind.

The blooming young couple left yesterday on foot for Kansas City, on a little wedding-tour and honeymoon-speculation. They will be at home in their own dug-out after the 10th.—Tvd-Bits.

—A smooth-faced high school youth was recently directed by the teacher of natural science to press to his face a glass tube which had been rubbed with silk, whereupon this dialogue ensued: Teacher: "Well, James, what sensations do you experience?" James: "Nothin' much, except I feel my whiskers crackin'."—Christian at Work.

—Somebody estimated that every man who lives to be sixty years old, has spent seven months buttoning his shirt-collar. Thirty years more ought to be added for hunting up the collar-button.—Baptist Weekly.